

Bartholomew Fair :

A N

Heroi-Comical Poem.



L O N D O N,

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L O W O M

Printed and Sold by J. Baskin, at the ...
... in the ...



PREFACE.

IN this capricious Age *Prefaces* are become so customary to Performances of all Kinds, that a Piece is esteem'd incompleat without one; and tho' they are impertinent to the last Degree, yet do they meet with a favourable Reception by the Generality of Mankind.

For this Reason I engage in a whimsical Proem to the following Sheets; but I shall first, in Justice to my self, and for the Repose and Satisfaction of others, assure

P R E F A C E.

the Reader, that my Intentions have been far from levelling at any particular Person or Persons whatsoever, so as to cause any the least invidious Reflections; for I am not unsensible, that personal Scandal is the lowest and most malicious Part of Wit, and highly promotes the Destruction of human Society.

Tho' it is not to be question'd that some Dispensers of Scandal may presume to make an Application of what was never intended by me, so far as to fix my *Quack-Doctor* on some Physician of Eminence, and, like judicious Coxcombs, find out a Person whom the Porter in Lawn-Sleeves well fits.

My

P R E F A C E.

My particular Description of the *Strollers*, (tho' I bring *Penkethman* and *Bullock* on the Stage for their Grimace) no way relates to the Companies of *Comedians*, either at the *Old* or *New Theatre*. It is only applicable to the low Crew of Performers, who ape Actors so intolerably, that they burlesque the Occupation of *Acting*, and deserve no other Reward from a discerning Audience than a Bastinado.

If either *Pontac*, or the || *Superintendent of Hell*, should, in a splenetick Humour, make an Application of my Shop of Eatables, or Mother *Wybourn* should be fill'd with Resentment on Account of the Secrets I have expos'd, a Punishment

|| *An Eating-House near Palace-Yard, Westminster.*

P R E F A C E.

nishment only will ensue to themselves; but of the latter I ask Pardon, (tho' what I have advanc'd may not be *Scandalum Magnatum*) lest the next Intrigue should be fatal to the Ornament of my Front, and the better Part of my Person conceal'd, as the Doom of *Venus*, for my great Abuse, at least, of a laudable Profession.

The Shows in general, *Rope-Dancers, Legerdemain-Men, Prize-Fighters*, &c. are all oblig'd to me for this Performance, this Poem being the best Advertisement that ever was publish'd in their Favour; and as for the *Jockeys, Country-Squires*, &c. with their Horses, altho' there are many of them related to a lower Species of those Beasts, or rather heterogeneous

P R E F A C E.

geneous Creatures not much unlike them, I am not afraid of the *Kick*.

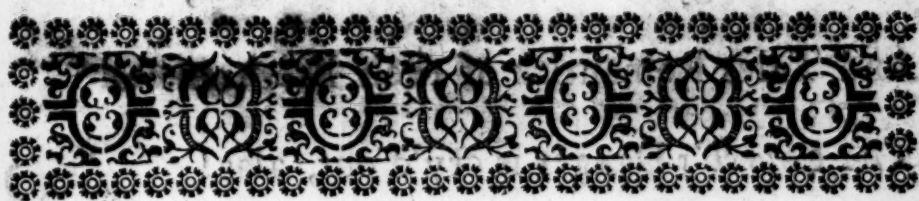
I hope the Readers of this Poem, and those who have done me the Honour to peruse my other Poetical Performances, (tho' they are anonymous, which makes this Request seem in some Measure unnecessary) will have more Charity and Good-Nature than to conclude that my Characters, notwithstanding they may be entirely natural, are the Consequences of an unbounded Experience; that I am my self so great a Proficient, as to have gone through the several ludicrous Scenes I have portraited, it being possible that a Person of a general Conversation, and one who has seen the World,

P R E F A C E.

World, may, by consulting his Reason, (with a trifling Experience) give a very apt Description even of Mother *Wybourn's* Scabbard.

Having now led you to the Scabbard, I shall conclude, in leaving you to make what Use of it you think fit. But in particular Regard to the Fair Sex, I desire them to consider, that this is the Time the powerful *Ceres* crowns the Year with inciting Heats; that Sulphur will imperceptibly take Fire, and the whole Magazine be in immediate Danger from a lighted Match.

Bartho-



Bartholomew-Fair :

A N

Heroi-Comical Poem.

WHILE busy Mortals, with the worthless
(Crowd,
For State-Preferments still exclaim aloud,

Their Schemes project, their forward Wills pre-
To wield the Staff, the great *Exchequer* share, }
(pare,
And Heroes struggle to be first in War:

B

While

While Clergy strive in Scandal to excel,
 And Tales Romantick of their Brethren tell ;
 The *Church's* Danger is cry'd out, alas !
 Tho' no Religion in the doubtful Case ;
 Preferment's sweet, and pleasing is a Place :
 I, poor *Plebeian*, ramble up and down,
 To form new Scenes, divert the thirsty Town :
 To comic Humour my weak Muse inclines ;
 Ill-natur'd Satyr fondly she resigns :
 And *London's* Mart I now a Visit pay ;
 The various Sights with Pleasure I'll display ;
 Assist me, *Phæbus*, Ruler of the Day.

Thro' *Newgate* pass'd, (that dire unhallow'd Cell,
 On Earth the sad Receptacle of Hell,

Where



Where bound in Chains obdurate Sinners lie,
 Of Halters thoughtless, 'till they come to die,
 And at the Tree a Dog-like *Exit* make,
 By all unpity'd for Offences Sake.)
 To *Smithfield*-Bars I speedy makes my Way,
 There to pursue each Sight without Delay.
 Here greasy Cook, of monstrous Size, you spy;
 Here craving Stomachs cast a greedy Eye,
 With keen Desire approach the turning Spit;
 Where Veal, and Pork, and Beef, promiscuous meet,
 Each other baste; and dainty Kitchen Grease
 Froths up, and browns the delicate fav'rite Piece:
 With greasy Knife is cut the bounded Meal
 Of Beef or Mutton, or the coarser Veal;

With thicken'd Gravy's fill'd the dismal Plate,
 Compos'd of Fat, and on the Table fat
 By dirty *Molly*, or the greasier *Kate*!
 Here thoughtless Clowns, and Tinkers, Porters, be,
 A Beau decay'd you round the Table see.
 His Appetite the fully'd Linnen cloy's;
 The hasty Cook breaks forth into a Noise,
 His Servants Faults chastises with a Frown,
 And empty Dishes at their Heads are thrown.
 The Meal dispatch'd, and muddy Ale a Store;
 A noisom Hogoe waits you to the Door.

Now in the Fair I all around me gaz'd,
 And various Prospects here my Heart amaz'd.
 Here to the Left a famous Clock there stands,
 By Artists finish'd with best Work-mens Hands :
 With

With Musick-Pipe is imitated here
 The Voice of Nightingale, to divert th' Ear,
 All Notes of Birds that wing it in the Air.
 The son'rous Organ in Perfection sounds,
 And *Clio's* Pipe in this Machine abounds:
 The World's Form presented is to View,
 And famous *Newton* here you may pursue,
 The Globes, and Spheres, and Mathematicks learn,
 And Worlds unknown with Ease you may discern.

This curious Piece my Eyes did long survey,
 And then I left it, to the Right made Way.
 Here *Skeleton* on Pedestal is rear'd,
 Like Terror's King in dismal Pomp appear'd;
 Large the Size, and dreadful was the Sight;
 A Dart of Steel was firmly held upright:

By

By famous Clock-work it the Hand could use,
 The Head turn round, to fright and to amuse;
 A Pipe it smoak'd; full with Tobacco fill'd,
 And causeless Fears are in the Mob instill'd:
 The Jav'lin's brandish'd with a curious Art;
 Th' amaz'd Spectators gave a direful Start,
 It thrice essay'd to throw the fatal Dart.

Now future Ills my airy Thoughts depress'd;
 Dire Cogitations seiz'd my heaving Breast;
 But to the Booths my greedy Eyes betake,
 And dreadful Pains my Bosom soon forsake.
 Here deathless Actors their Portraits show,
 And grand Comedians stand in graceful Row.
 Here *Pinkethman* and *Bullock* dauntless sat;
 In fam'd Grimace they fondly emulate.

A comic Droll here ev'ry Hour is shewn;
 Here *Robin Hood* and *Little John* are known:
 A City Rake a noble King appears;
 His Tinsel Drefs each gazing Clown reveres.
 A Porter here is drefs'd in sacred Gown,
 And round his Arms the fine Lawn Sleeves are
 With Paunch unwieldy, and distorted Back, (thrown
 For strong Portmantle he cries out, alack.
 A Queen is found amongst the Girls, that trace
 The youthful Swains receive their kind Embrace;
 For Cakes and Ale their Bodies they resign,
 And Clap you nobly for a Glafs of Wine.
 With tawdry Drefs the Royal Confort clad,
 A Crown and Scepter for the Fair is made,
 And Paint Inch-thick on her wan Cheeks is laid;

Adorning

Adorning Ringlets on her Shoulders play,
 And with her Charms the Monarch she could sway.
 A *Little John* is seiz'd within the Crowd,
 To act on Stage he's not a little proud;
 By Trade a Cut-purse, he'll not fail of Art,
 He plays, by Instinct, his allotted Part.
 These strolling Actors, with an awful Tread,
 They fill the fond Spectators with a Dread.
 Apprentice-Boys, and Chamber-Dam'sels neat,
 Th' admiring Audience hourly here compleat.
 Here some with Mirth dispel pernicious Cares,
 And others deal in fair *Miranda's* Wares;
 While Bagpipe plays, and the harmonious Strum,
 And Frying-Pan is us'd for Kettle-Drum.

The

The Play's applauded with judicious Skill,
 And loud Huzza's the lofty Play-house fill;
 Each one commends what suits his wanton Will.
 Tho' dull the Scene, th' approving Throng they
 And clap aloud the *Exit* of the King. ^{(ring,}

This Sight an Hour tediously employ'd,
 With Mock-Heroicks I at length grew cloy'd;
 And now a Stage, large, open to the Sky,
 By Quack adorn'd, diverts my curious Eye.
 A famous Doctor, of a stately Mein,
 With Admiration's by the Vulgar seen.
 His Feather'd Beaver makes a graceful Show;
 His Wig full-bottom'd, came from *Monmouth-Row*;
 His Cloths bedawb'd all o'er with Silver Lace,
 The late Remains of Youth now in Disgrace,

Of heedless Spendthrift at the Die unskill'd,
 Or who with *Flora* had too often bill'd.
 His Stockings Silk, the Cast-off of a Lord;
 Gold Ribbons, tarnish'd, now set out his Sword,
 With *Bristol* Stones the Hilt is amply stor'd.
 His Shoes were neat with *Turky* Leather grac'd,
 And glitt'ring Clasps are there in Order plac'd :
 His Shirt was *Holland*, of the finest Sort,
 White, like the Snow, and with Exactness wrought :
 His Muslin Neckcloth's sent for from on far,
 Of *Flanders* Lace his widen'd Ruffles were :
 About his Neck a gilded Medal ty'd,
 With Chain extended, by the Mob is ey'd.
 Thus tawdry dress'd, he, with fantastick Show,
 The Stage oft travers'd, like an awkward Beau.

He

He vaunted long of his superiour Skill,
 Refounds his Praise with an undaunted Will;
 His mighty Cures the empty Audience fill.

In *France* a headless Trunk he made compleat;
 No farther Clime that he perform'd this Feat:
 A canc'rous Breast, in Weight full fifty Pound,
 At *Rome* he cut, and instant heal'd the Wound:
 Many Legs and Arms, in a more distant Land,
 And Thighs were sever'd by his skilful Hand;
 The Cure effected with his Stiptick Juice,
 And of all Sizes Wens he could produce.

In Dislocations, greatest Praise he gains;
 His noble Soul Phlebotomy disdains.

In ocular Ails the famous *Read* must yield,
 And in Libation he is equal skill'd.

His Art unbounded, great are his Designs ;
 Hermaphrodites he to one Sex confines ;
 Green-sickness, Barrenness, he'll also cure,
 The Patient painless may the same endure ;
 For Gouts and Fevers he a *Nostrum* sells,
 And in Consumptions he ev'n all excels ;
 Fix'd Dropsies, Agues, Itches, must give Way,
 And stubborn Poxes soon his Drugs obey :
 He famous Potions had prepar'd with Care,
 And Powders, Pills, and Tinctures that are rare ;
 But De'l a Bit of Medicine was there.

This vaunting Quack all Patients he could save,
 Cure all Diseases with untimely Grave.
 He loud proclaim'd, that *Galen* was a Tool,
 That famous *Bendo* was a noted Fool.

This

This matchless Speech inspir'd the Standers by,
 For Cures cheap they let their Metal fly:
 The Tester Packets the Spectators please ;
 They miss of Health, and purchase a Disease.
 The fam'd *Jack*-Pudding, now the Drugs dispens'd,
 His Time of Practice in a Trice commenc'd ;
 With Repartee the Mob he entertain'd ;
 Their best Affections he then speedy gain'd.
 Now Hats are thrown for Bolus's and Pills,
 And soon return'd are with Romantick Bills.
 At length the Tumbler, he presents to View
 All active Motions, thro' the Hoop he flew,
 Amaz'd the Crowd with divers Postures new.

From hence, I stroll'd to a large neighb'ring
 (Booth,
 Lofty the Structure, and compleatly smooth.

Here

Here airy Females in short Breeches drefs ;

Their Secret Limbs procure them a Carefs.

A well-shap'd Leg, and a round handsome Thigh,

In white Silk Stocking, ravishes the Eye ;

They soon bewitch th' amorous Standers by.

Here in I went, possess'd my self of Place,

In haste sat down, and thoughtless of Disgrace,

The fam'd Assembly, of the Mob compos'd ;

But soon the Sight with Pleasure is expos'd.

Here active Virgins slacken'd Ropes bestride,

And fearless Vault to the extended Side ;

With nimble Heels their famous Skill they show,

Sometimes by th' Hands, and sometimes by the

(Toe ;

They dang'rous hang, and fright the Mob below.

Midst various Shapes, the despicable Owl

Presents to View, and other dreadful Fowl.

Beneath

Beneath the fam'd Stiff-Rope was firmly fix'd,
 And divers Sights here pleasing intermix'd.
 The famous Black here well performs her Part,
 And shews delightful her surpassing Art.
 A Jig she dances in the streighten'd Path ;
 She grasps the Pole, and various Postures hath.
 Aloft she jump'd, all Dangers did despise,
 And frightful Forms Spectators they surprize.
 At length the Fool stood up, and made a Speech,
 She instant made the Rope to kiss her Breech.
 Then down she came ; an Infant strait advanc'd,
 Could hardly speak, yet there she nimbly danc'd.
 Each Breast in Pain for th' adventuring Brat ;
 She mov'd Secure, we then in Pleasure sat :
 A Dancer born, the Child then dauntless trod
 The stiffen'd Rope, when she deserv'd the Rod.

Here

Here Strength, exclusive of *Goliab's* Bone,
Was seen, a *Sampson* to the Vulgar shewn :

A Cannon's mounted on his Shoulders strait;
He easy bore the well acquainted Weight:
A Rope he broke, against the Wall he lay,
And brittle Iron to his Hands gave Way,
On Purpose made, he ventures to essay.

Near these Machines, I met a famous Show,
Compos'd of Poppets in a beauteous Row.
Here noted *Powel* his fam'd Art display'd,
A new Creation this Mechanick made.
Here nervous *Adam* on a World he rears,
And beauteous *Eve* in Majesty appears;
Presented large, yet she's compleatly fair,
And Symetry was in Perfection there ;

With

With Innocence was fill'd the lovely She;
A Bloom unknown but to the happy He.

But longing *Eve* the fatal Apple takes,
Th' Almighty's first Commands she early breaks,
And Life immortal then the Pair forsakes.

Here Beasts and Fowls of various Kinds are seen,
All Species which on Earth hath ever been;
They artful move, and to the Sight appear
As terrible as tho' alive they were.

By nimble Hands the Babies dance and play,
And Wires unseen now turn them ev'ry Way:

With mimick Voice the fam'd Performer speaks;
Thro' *Powel's* Mouth a Puppet loudly squeaks.

Here Heaven and Hell with Art presented are;
An *Harloquin* performs with wond'rous Care,
And *Punchinello* he compleats the Rear.

I left this Booth, and soon a Sight I saw,
 A Monkey here did many Monkeys draw:
 A humane Bear bawl'd out with mighty Force,
 He bellow'd long, 'til his weak Pipes were hoarse,
 To let you know successful he could strive,
 Cry'd out aloud his *Monsters* were alive:
 Here Lyons, Tygers, Dromedaries too,
 You see, and Beasts which *Citizens* out-do;
 The Lyon here his nat'ral Fierceness quits,
 Is easy tam'd with strong restraining Bits;
 For Food he lets his fearless Keeper play,
 His Hand with Freedom in his Mouth may lay;
 The dreadful Tyger he can safely kiss,
 In Lap her Head, he steals a brutal Bliss:

At

At length the Keeper their fond Love disdains,
 With Chaſtiſement he treats the Beaſts in Chains,
 And ſhews their Terrour in the *Afric* Plains.

To theſe adjoining were an active Crew,
 Here ſtrait preſented to my curious View
 Two daring Mortals, Coat and Waſtcoat ſtrip't,
 On lofty Stage with noted Courage leapt,
 Their Fronts adorn'd, their Hair with Ribbons ty'd,
 Their ſnowy Shirts were ſoon diſplay'd full wide,
 Their Legs and Feet well drefs'd, they make a
 (Show,
 Which pleas'd the fond Spectators there below,
 They firſt ſhake Hands, then brandiſh with an Air
 Their two-edg'd Swords, to ſhew th' Aſſembly
 (there,
 That of Defence they noble Maſters were.

This done, they then with Fury lay about,
 And ev'ry Wound's attended with a Shout ;
 The Mob their Copper throw with due Regard,
 And Blood alone must purchase the Reward.
 The Sword and Dagger next are brought in Play,
 Each striving to be Master of the Day,
 The wieldy Faulchion and the Buckler us'd ;
 The Quarter-Staff is not by them refus'd,
 Tho' furious rounds their Carcasses it bruis'd.

Now standing still there mighty Mobs appear ;
 A greasy Butcher now approaches near,
 With Paunch o'er-fiz'd, and with a broad-brimm'd
 Down to his Waste his monst'rous wide Cravat, (Hat,
 With noted Whiskers and a Visage stern,
 The gazing Crowd his Pow'r he would learn,

His

His Staff advanc'd, the *Constable* she shows,
 And to a Female there he straitway goes.
 He Notice had to Lewdness she's resign'd ;
 He forward rushes with a dauntless Mind.
 This famous Speech he made then to the Fair,
 With kimbo'd Arm, and magisterial Air :
 'Tis you must know, that I now represent
 The Prince, who me this civil Staff hath lent ;
 My Power, large, now dooms you to the Goal ;
 You there will cool your hot lascivious Tail.
 Dare you, you fair presumptuous Maid, to deal
 Without my Leave, from me your Crimes conceal ?
 Know ye that I, who have a Kingly Pow'r,
 Can licence Vice, or punish ye full sore ?

My

My just Decrees prepare now to obey,
 You strait to *Bridewell* shall with me away ;
 Then fiercely dragg'd her, would no longer stay.
 Fine dress'd, the Female she's by all admir'd,
 Her Beauties soon the num'rous Mob had fir'd.
 They view'd around, and then resolv'd to try
 To make a Rescue, lawful Pow'r defy.

Authority aloud commands the Peace,
 The Mob persist, they'll no Pretensions cease ;
 They fell the *Staff*, the lovely Female take ;
 But 'mongst themselves they then a Squabble
 (make,
 And fierce *Bellona* made the Fair to shake.
 Now broken Heads abundantly appear'd,
 And gorey Blood the *Sundays* Cloths besmear'd ;
 Each strikes his Neighbour, but he knows not why,
 And in Confusion some aloud do cry.

They

They treat each other with a sad Disdain,
 The Oaken Cudgels broken are in Twain,
 And many lay as if they had been slain.
 This Battel fought, who should enjoy the Fair,
 One unconcern'd possesses her with Care;
 She's carry'd off, whilst they their Madneſs ſhare.

I next, with Pleaſure, did the Place ſurvey
 For Beaſts deſign'd; here lovely Horſes gay
 Were finely drefs'd; their ſharp and piercing Eyes,
 Their curious Necks and Heads, I ſoon eſpies;
 Their pretty Ears extended are upright,
 And Bodies round invite the curious Sight;
 Their neat-ſhap'd Legs, their ſmall and beauteous
 And long whiſk Tails, make up the Beaſts compleat;

Fine

Fine is the Skin, each Vein appears to Show,
 But few the Nature of the Beast shall know ;
 Their Nostrils snorted, then their Eyes they glance,
 And in a Form majestic they prance ;
 Proud to be touch'd, and when you mount the
 It champs the Bit, flies o'er the Plains with Speed. (Steed,
 Here *Country Squire* views with vast Delight,
 The noble Beast still ravishes his Sight ;
 His Conversation of these Beasts alone,
 And famous Hounds which are excell'd by none.
 He thoughtless lives, prolongs a useless Life,
 And loves his Horse more than his beautiful Wife.
 Here cunning Jockeys shew their curious Art,
 For Money with their Reputations part.
 The Feed luxurious to the Beasts Desire,
 They cock their Tails, are fill'd with wanton Fire ;
 The

The founder'd Feet, and Wind decay'd, soon heal'd,
 By well-try'd Art all Faults are now conceal'd;
 The *Cully* buys, with Eagerness, for found
 The Beast that labours under private Wound :
 And those alone the Cheats in Horses miss,
 Who Parsons Wives shall with a Freedom kiss.

Near to these Beasts the *Gaming-Room* I found,
 With People crowded was the Board around.
 Here Rakes and Footmen make a splendid Show,
 Perhaps a Lord here is *incognito*,
 A Porter likewise in the vent'rous Row.
 The Box they handle, and the Die they cast,
 Condemn the Tim'rous, who shall venture last.
 Here Country Youths, from trading Shop releas'd,
 With sharpening Gamesters have their Breeches eas'd.

By yielding Stakes, o'er Thoughtless they prevail,
 To cheat, false Dice, and Bullying ne'er fail.
 Of Coin depriv'd, the Losers stamp and swear,
 Go Home, and curse the Time they went to Fair;
 An Hour's Pleasure starves them all the Year.

A famous Trickster next invites my Eyes,
 By Slight of Hand he could the World surprize;
 The Cards alive, to flying Birds are chang'd,
 And on the Table num'rous Eggs are rang'd.
 A living Hen appears upon the Board,
 By W created, if you'll take his Word:
 Gilt Balls they move by Motion of his Wand,
 And jump a Mile with only his Command:

The

The large Half-Crown his magick Jaws can blow
 Unseen, unfelt, into the Sleeve of Beau;
 A Thief he makes in the majestick Row.
 All this he does, a thousand Things beside,
 His Fame's proclaim'd beyond the Ocean wide:
 The Mob amaz'd, with Admiration stand,
 And view the Great *Copernicus's* Wand:
 Senseless they view, and on his Band they stare;
 No Thought had they his living Imps were there.

From hence, I mov'd to the large *Cloyster-Gate*,
 The Night approaching, it now growing late.
 Here fam'd Procurer was in Prospect near;
 I little thought Great *Wybourn* had been here;
 But this a Leisure Time is in the Year.

In House decay'd, the Windows full of Holes,
 Her Sign supported with two lofty Poles,
 A Golden Scabbard at the Door you see;
 This lets you know what Charms within there be;
 The House ill furnish'd, no Utenfil there,
 Nor dear Convenience, but the Females fair:
 Here the lewd Matron at the Entrance sits,
 And all Spectators with a Smile she greets;
 Her monst'rous Trunk, and her red Brandy Face
 The Door adorn, and the wide Passage grace:
 Her shining *Nymphs* are deck'd in gay Attire,
 The borrow'd Dress all forward Youths inspire;
 A Watch, with Trinkets, to the Side hangs down,
 And those decoy, who think it is her own,

A Sum

A Sum for Hire daily is discharg'd,
 The Price of Pleasure is by Dress enlarg'd;
 Their thin-wrought Silks compleat a gawdy Shew,
 Unseen the Smock and Filthiness below :
 With Love dissembl'd the inviting Fair
 Her Art employs the vig'rous Youth t' ensnare ;
 Here Cherry-Bounce and Brandy are suck'd down
 An Angel spent, and to the Girl a Crown,
 O'er wanton *Molly* Cull triumphant reigns ;
 To fam'd *Pandora's* Box an Entrance gains,
 Transmissive Poyson flowing in his Veins,
 The joyless Swain retires with fiery Tail,
 Unfelt 'til Morning, he perceives his Ail,

All Things now view'd, near *Bedlam* I repair'd,
 From *Lunaticks* I no great Outcry heard ;

Serene

Serene the Place, no dreaded Noise was there,
 Not half so mad were they, as in the Fair.
 Now Home I came, my Cause alham'd to own,
 But long reflected on the vicious Town.

E N I S.

